



VIC JORDAN

PURSUED BY NAZIS, THE PARTIES REACH A FINE FIVE.

A SOLDIER! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM! YOU AND ADRIENNE RUN DOWN THE LADDER!!

RIGHTO!



WHAT EES THEE MATTER?

ADRIENNE, IT WONT SUGGET. WE'LL HAVE TO JUMP!



OHAY, GALS— ONE AT A TIME!

PERFECT!!

SO FAR! HURRY UP WITH ADRIENNE— SHE'S GETTING PUNCEY!









MAINE HEADQUARTERS OF THE
NAZI HIGH COMMAND

MAJOR VON SCHROEDER
IS IN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE...ONE MOMENT,
HERR JORDAN!



YOU CAN'T
DO THAT
TO US,
MAJOR!
THIS IS AN
AMERICAN
SHOW!

WE TAKE OUR
ORDERS FROM
BERLIN, MR.
JORDAN, NOT
WASHINGTON!
GOOD DAY!



OH, VIC...MY
CAREER IS
ONE GREAT
FLIM!



YOUR CAREER IS
JUST BEGINNING,
ADRIENE! YOU'LL BE
ON BROADWAY IN
A MONTH! I'VE GOT
A TERRIFIC
IDEA! LISTEN...

NOW...NOW!
THE GESTAPO
FORBIDS IT!

I'LL TAKE THE
RESPONSIBILITY!
REMEMBER...THAT
GERMAN MARCHING
SONG FOR MISS
CHARLET'S FIRST
NUMBER!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...





THE STOPS IN BETWEEN THE ONLY AND ANOTHER.









MEANWHILE, THE CAST OF THE INTERNATIONAL MYSTERY IS BROUGHT TO MISS HEADQUARTERS.



MISS CHARLOTTE, FOR YOUR BURLESQUE OF THE FUENNER, A FINE OF TWO MONTHS' SALARY, ONE MONTH FOR THE ORCHESTRA!

BUT MAJOR--WE ARE NOT TO BLAME! IT WAS M'SIEU VIC!

WE WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

WELL, HITLER! WE HAVE BEEN TO HYDOR JORDAN'S OFFICE. WE HAVE EVERYTHING... CLOTHING... PAPERS... PHOTOGRAPHS!



LET'S HOPE HE WAS LESS DISCREET THAN THE WOMAN!

CAPTAIN! LOOK AT THE LETTERS... I'LL LOOK AT THESE!















LET ME SEE
YOUR HANDS!



WONDERS! HANDS FOR
A SCOURINGMAN! SO
SMALL--SO PRETTY!
KARL, A SPONGE!--



NOW!
NOW!

NOT AFRAID OF
A LITTLE WATER,
ARE YOU?

YOU CERTAINLY
FIXED THINGS
NICE!

SEE, I'M
SHARP
NOW!



AH! THE BEAUTIFUL
MISS BENNETT!
YOU WILL COME WITH
US, OUR FRAULEIN!



Vic Jordan

... by PAINE and WEXLER

GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS
IN PARIS



WHY ZEY TAKE HER AWAY? I
START ZE RIOT AND I AM FREE!
AND VIC--MAYBE ZE ANIMALS BEAT
HEMI... EEF I FIND SO MUCH AS A
SEENGLE BRUISE ON HEE'S FACE, I
START ANOZZER RIOT!--



DISGUISE, MISS BENNETT,
IS NO BUSINESS FOR
AMATEURS...HOW COULD
A GIRL AS BEAUTIFUL AS
YOU EXPECT TO PASS FOR
A CHARWOMAN?



FLATTERY FROM
THE G-ESTAPO!
NEXT THING YOU'LL
BE INVITING ME
TO CHAMPAGNE
SUPPER AT MAXIM!

UNFORTUNATELY, YOU
WILL DINE TONIGHT ON
A TRAIN--WITH A
POLICE MATRON!



--ON BREAD AND
WATER, AND NOT
CHAMPAGNE, EH?
I WONDER IF YOU'D
GIVE HERR JORDAN
A NOTE FOR ME?..

AND RISK
COURT MARTIAL?



PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE
TO BUY SOME PRETTY
THINGS TO SEND HOME
TO YOUR SWEETHEART?

PERHAPS... SHE DID
ASK FOR SOME
SILK LINGERIE!..



[INCLUDE SOME
BOMBONS--WITH
MY COMPLIMENTS!]



Drop Vic:
Whatever happens,
please don't pull a
Don Quixote! We've
tilted with enough
windmills today to
last a lifetime!
Sue

DON'T FORGET!..



I
WONT--

NOTHING, HERR
O'BRIEN? SHE DEFIED
OUR AUTHORITY,
ASSAULTED AN
OFFICER, WRECKED
AN ARMY CAR!..



WHY PICK ON THE
DAME? SHE DIDN'T
DO NOTHIN'--

WHEN THE AMERICAN
EMBASSY HEARS OF
THIS, MAJOR VON
SCHROEDER--



THIS IS ONE MATTER
HERR JORDAN,
ON WHICH THE
AMERICAN EMBASSY
WILL MAKE NO
REPRESENTATIONS!..



THAT GUY VON SUE?
GIVES ME DE CREEPS...
HE NEVER TALKS—

VIC!
ADRIENNE!
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU AND
THE CAST?



WE'RE ON PAUSE.
BUT NO MORE
IMITATIONS OF
HEITLER! ZE
GESTAPO. ZEY DO
NOT APPRECIATE
ART!

NOW NUMBER... THE
NEW ORDER IS HERE—
WITH A VENGEANCE!

HEY! CARRY!



THE CAYLON
FOOT SHEET!

I SAW ZEM TAKE SUE
AWAY... WHY? WHEN YOU
AND I ARE FREE!

VON SCHROEDER
SAYS SHE'S BRITISH.
BUT WE'LL GET HER
OUT—



ANDLER
G-A-B?

RIGHT! ALL I NEED IS
A SHORT-WAVE TRANS-
MITTER AND ABOUT
THIRTY PLANES... MAYBE
TWENTY-FIVE!



YOU WANT TWENTY ALBINO
AND A THIRTY-FOUR POUND
BROWN ONE? YOU ARE
NOT A MAN AT ALL!

I'M A MAN
LEAVING
ALONE!



LET ME TELL YOU
AND ALL THE
MONEY I'M
NOT A MAN AT ALL!

WHEN A MAN
SAYS YOU
ARE A MAN
AND A MAN
AND A MAN

WHEN A MAN
SAYS YOU
ARE A MAN
AND A MAN



WHEN A MAN
SAYS YOU
ARE A MAN
AND A MAN
AND A MAN

WHEN A MAN
SAYS YOU
ARE A MAN
AND A MAN
AND A MAN

WHEN A MAN
SAYS YOU
ARE A MAN
AND A MAN
AND A MAN



WHEN A MAN
SAYS YOU
ARE A MAN
AND A MAN
AND A MAN

WHEN A MAN
SAYS YOU
ARE A MAN
AND A MAN
AND A MAN





ZZZZ

PARIS IN 1940-1945 HARDLY THE PLACE TO MEET HITLER
THE BARON CHIEF—BUT VIC JORDAN DID IT WITH A
PUBLICITY STUNT THAT CLOSED THE INTERNATIONAL
REVUE A LA NUIT, STARTED A MAD CHASE THROUGH
THE CITY LANS, SUE BENNETT IN JAN. AND LEFT
AFTER A NIGHT WITH A BANG CASE OF JEALOUSY
AND A FIGHT WITH THE BESSON, MARSH
JORDAN, IN A BANG CASE OF JEALOUSY

BRING OUT THE WHISKERS AND SKELETON KEYS, MARTY! WE'RE VISITING MR. EMIL LANG THIS MORNING. THE MAY HE DOUBLE-TALKED US LAST NIGHT. I CAN'T FIGURE OUT IF HE'S REALLY THAT FAMOUS REPORTER FOR THE ZÜRICH ZEITUNG, OR HIMMEL'S ACE-IN-THE-HOLE IN PARIS!

I BEEN THINKING, Y'KN... MAYBE LANG WUZ ON THE LEVEL WHEN HE TOLD YOU THAT SAY-WORTHING GUS TO GET SUE BENNETT OUT OF THE CONCENTRATION CAMP WOULD BE CURTAIN'S FOR HER!

AND MAYBE A LITTLE
BIRDIE WITH A SQUIDGE
HEAD AND A GUTTERAL
ACCENT WHISPERED
IN HIS EAR! THIS
EXCURSION SHOULD
PROVIDE THE ANSWER!

SO DAT'S LONG'S
WILL! NICE
JERNT!

LANG ALWAYS LIVED OFF THE FAT OF THE LAND. THE PLACE LOOKS EASY TO CRACK EVEN FOR AMATEURS LIKE US.

ALLEY
DOOR

CARFOR, MARTY.

**C'MERE--VIC AND
GET A LOAD O'DIS!**

IF THAT WERE A MAN,
HE WOULD NOW REST
WITH HIS ANCESTORS!

PIPE DE ORIENTAL I

PIPE THE GULL'S-
EYE! LANG SURE
SWIMS A MEAN
AIR-GUN!

SIX BULL'S-EYES SHOULD
SUFFICE FOR ONE MORNING...
I'M GOING TO THE OFFICE!

VERY WELL MASTER

DODGE BEHIND
THAT TREE, MURTY!
AS SOON AS LANG
EXITS—WE ENTER!

YOU, ITD, WILL NOT
REST QUIETLY FOR
A SPELL!

DOIT TAKE CARE OF
DE SON OF DE
BUSINESS SUND?

CoA₂-N

GET A WHIFF OF
SAT WINE!

QUEER DUCK, EMIL LANG...
SPOUTS THE CLASSICS,
WRITES LIKE A STREAM,
LIVES LIKE A PRINCE, AND
SHOOTS BULL'S-EYES FOR
BREAKFAST! IT'S STARTING
TO ADD UP!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY FOR THE MEN IN THE DUVAL FACTORY TO ESCAPE—**TUNNEL THEIR WAY OUT!** AND THEY CAN'T DO IT WITHOUT THIS MAD!



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WE'RE TRAILING ALL THE NAZIS GUARDING THE PLANT, AS THEY KNOCK OFF—

ZEN WHAT? I DO NOT SEE HOW ZE MAD—



WE'RE DEPENDING ON YOU, ADRIENNE—

ON ME, PROF. ROY. I SEE. ANOZZER VIC JORDAN GAG!

Paul
NORRIS

RIGHT. WE'RE PICKING THE HANDSOMEST HEEL-CLUCKER WE CAN FIND!

ZE ONLY HANDSOME NAZIS I HAVE SEEN ARE DEAD ONES! BUT IF YOU CAN FIND ZE EXCEPTION!



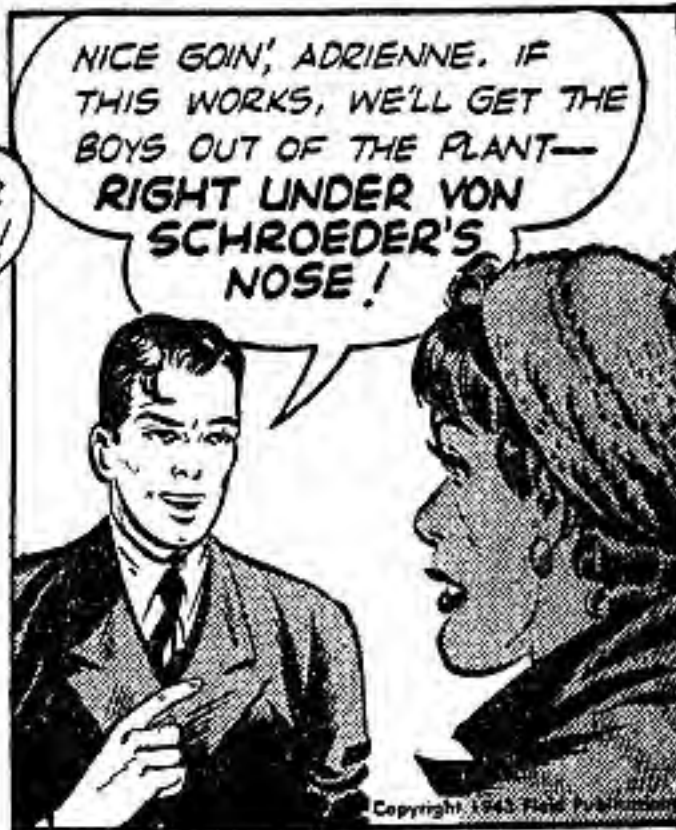
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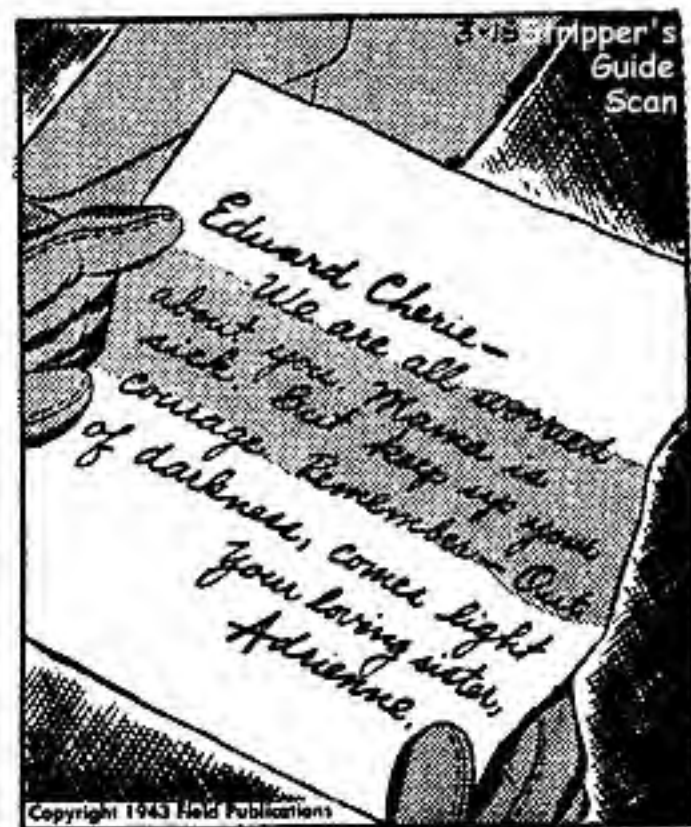
















A GEOLOGIST'S MAP—DRAWN IN PHOSPHORUS! SEE? HERE'S A SHELF OF DIRT RUNNING FROM THE REAR OF THE PLANT UPWARD. BEGINNING AT OUR SECOND STORY LEVEL!



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SO WHAT?

WE CAN TUNNEL OUR WAY OUT OF THIS TRAP INTO THE OPEN FIELD ON MANOIR ROAD! TURN ON THE LIGHTS!

Stripper's
Guide
Scan

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FRANCOIS—PIERRE—LOUIS—JACQUES—GET SHOVELS, PICKS, AXES—ANY TOOLS WE CAN—

MONET! SOMEONE'S KNOCKING AT THE DOORS!

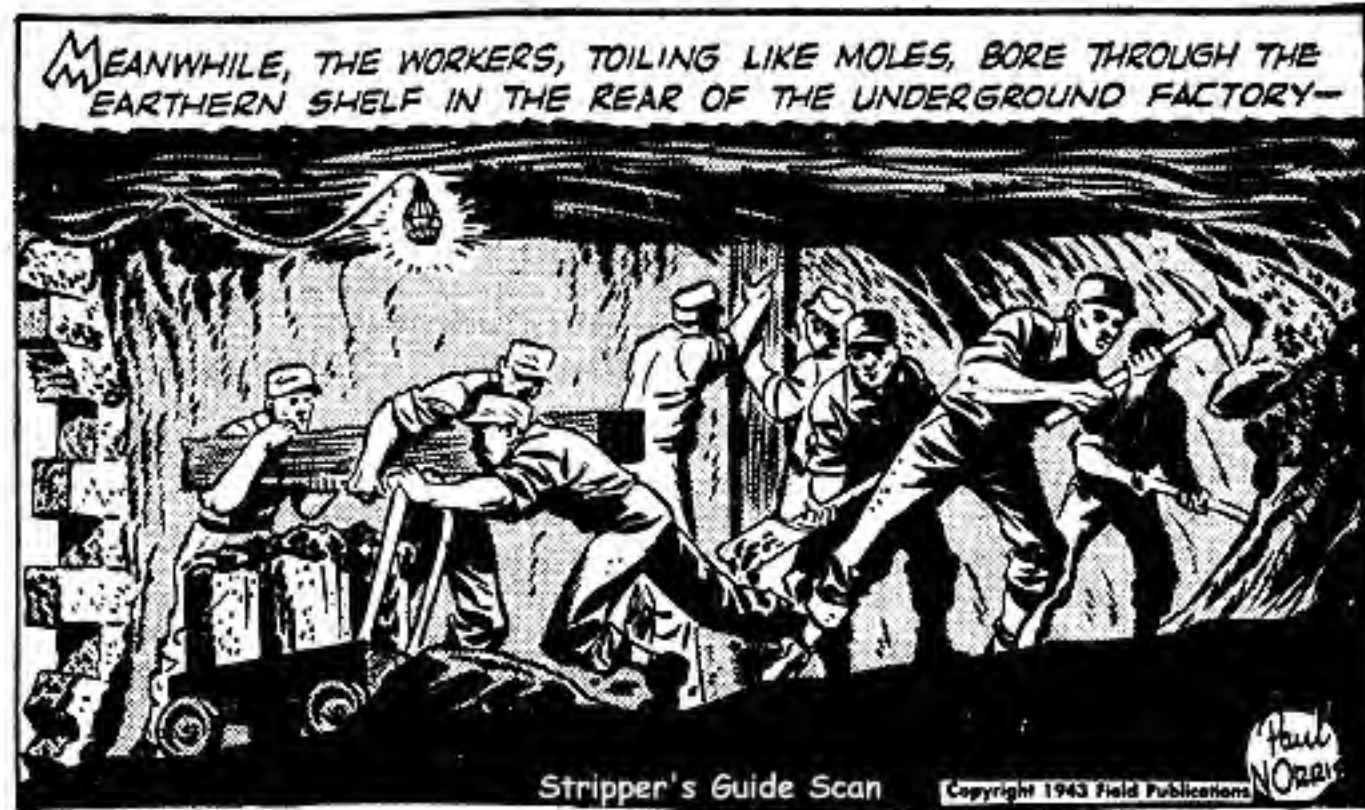


WE HAVE REACHED THE END OF OUR PATIENCE! WE OFFERED TO MEDIATE, BUT YOU REFUSED. WE WILL GIVE YOU EXACTLY ONE HOUR TO CHANGE YOUR MINDS!

Paul
NORRIS







Stripper & Guide Scan



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Paul
MORRIS